



Girlzilla

By Lorraine Barber

Girlyzilla

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My arms hang below my knees, heavy like the fruit on an overburdened apple tree branch. I look down at my worn, old boxing gloves that are speckled with blood. My eyes are swollen from being battered in the ring, and it is difficult to focus on whose blood is on my beat-up leather gloves. It was a long-awaited fight with the infamous "Girlyzilla," known for knocking out the opponent using unfair maneuvers. She is built like a tractor and fights like a bulldozer, coming in full throttle, but I know the boxers dance and have the stamina to fight long and hard.

PUNCH! RIGHT-LEFT-RIGHT-LEFT.

She punches me in the stomach and knocks me down to the floor of the ring. I'm not a quitter in this lifetime and will never be when it comes to boxing. My boxing career and experience are my savior in the ring. Being a champion two times in a row makes me believe in myself, and I won't stop today. I sarcastically yell at Girlyzilla, "You will never take me down. I know how to fight and have done it my entire life. No one can take me down!"

I stumbled back to my corner and let my mouthpiece fall onto the stool. Blood is rushing out of my nose and mouth. I hold my head over the bucket as my manager cleans my face. I am feeling disoriented and have difficulties focusing. Ice packs don't make a difference, and the bleeding continues. The bell rang, and it was time to face the music.

Girlzilla, standing in her tractor stance, came rushing at me as I did my slide-step boxing dance and fell hard against the ropes. It was time to move in and take her out. With my blooded gloves, eyes swollen shut, and blood dripping down my neck, I went for it with all my might. Punching her feverishly, right, left, right into her abdomen, and the final punch at the side of her head, in the left temple. She was down on the ring floor. My confidence unexpectedly grew, and adrenaline took over, waiting for her to stand up. She stood up and screamed as she hit me in the stomach. I hunched over and took a punch that crushed my jawbone. I lay on the floor of the ring, and it was over. My championship standing was gone in a moment of reality. Age and experience lost with tenacity, and the realm of strength and youth won.